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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE QUEST.

By RUBY HOLMES MARTIN.

"I'm tired of farming!" said Hugh Godfrey.

Benjamin Godfrey laid down the evening paper he had been preparing to open when Hugh spoke and looked at his only son.

"You're tired of farming!" the man repeated slowly.

"Yes; it's such stupid work; the same old things to do day in and day out. You milk the cows in the morning and it's got to be done again at night, and the next day, and twice every other day!" returned Hugh, discontentedly.

"Then you would like to leave the farm, Hugh?" asked Mr. Godfrey.

"Yes," said Hugh briefly. The boy's mother looked up for a moment from her mending, but she did not speak, and Hugh did not notice her movements.

"And leave your mother and Rachel and me?" continued Mr. Godfrey.

Something seemed to rise quickly in Hugh's throat and he swallowed hard before answering his father.

"No," he admitted. As a matter of fact he had not thought anything about that phase of the situation.

"But you think the farm work is stupid and slow, and doesn't pay enough for us to get wealthy on?" Hugh nodded.

"While on the other hand you believe the city is full of life and of opportunities for a boy like you? Money will come easily and plentifully and you can have a good time?"

"That's about it," agreed Hugh. The boy had dreaded for weeks to make the announcement to his father of his desire for a change of life, but he found Mr. Godfrey took the idea more calmly than he had supposed possible. It seems somehow to Hugh that his father understood how he felt about it.

"When would you like to go? And what do you want to go into," asked his father.

Hugh hesitated. "Perhaps you haven't got that far with your plans and so I can help you along," added Mr. Godfrey.

The boy nodded. "That's it," he said.

Mr. Godfrey sat thinking for a few moments before he spoke again.

"John Ingram is the man to help us," he said finally. Are you willing to wait patiently until I can hear what he advises?"

"Surely!" said Hugh promptly. "I'm not in such a killing rush!"

"I'll write to John to-night," returned Mr. Godfrey decisively, and his next sentence turned the subject to some business about the farm.

But when Hugh had gone to bed his mother dropped the stockings she was darning in her lap, and leaned back in her chair.

"Ben," she said to her husband, "Ben, why is it he wants to go?" Benjamin Godfrey shook his head sadly.

"Why is it they all want to go? I wanted to go myself when I was Hugh's age."

"And you and I are going to let him go?" she asked.

"As I told Hugh, John Ingram is a good man and will help us. He went to the city and came out on top. If Hugh is determined to go, isn't it best for us to give him the best of a chance to start right? Has not God some purpose in store for our lad—something beyond what you and I can see?"

"Hugh is a good boy," said Mrs. Godfrey.

"God will teach him to be a better one," returned Benjamin Godfrey softly.

But neither father nor mother mentioned what was the supreme sadness of it all to them both—the sadness of that other father when the younger of his sons asked for that portion of his goods which would fall to him for an inheritance! Asked for it of his father that he might go forth by himself into the world!

In a very few days John Ingram's reply to Mr. Godfrey's letter came to the farmhouse. It was brief and business-like, but the whole-souled sincerity of John Ingram was in the words:

"Send the boy to me, Ben, and I will see what I can make of him for you. There is a room at my house where he shall sleep, and a plate at my table waiting for your Hugh. I am in need of a boy for my private office, and Hugh Godfrey of Coopersville is booked for the place; the sooner he comes the better.

"I am grateful for this opportunity of doing something for you through your boy, but, above all, Ben, I am glad for your confidence in me."

Mr. Godfrey passed the letter across the table to Hugh when he had finishing reading it himself. And Hugh's eyes sparkled when he read the hearty words John Ingram had written concerning him.

"You still want to go, Hugh?" asked his father.

Mrs. Godfrey leaned forward, eager for the answer she longed to hear. But it was not to be.

"Yes, sir," returned Hugh. "I want to go. Who wouldn't want to be like John Ingram?"

"John is a good man," said Mr. Godfrey. He, too, had hoped against hope that Hugh would give a different answer to his question.

A week later Hugh Godfrey took in his hand the bag his mother had carefully packed for her boy, and went forth into the world. The lump rose high in his throat as he bade them "Good-by" at home, his father, Rachel, and his mother. But Hugh's heart was stout and his determination strong, and the excitement of feeling in John Ingram's footsteps was upon him as he took his way cityward.

The lad had but little difficulty in finding his way to John Ingram's office, once he had reached the city; a man on the street whom he asked knew the way there and directed the raw country lad in his destination.

In reply to Hugh's brisk knock a boy of but little more than his own age opened the door.

"You must be the new boy," he said, when he saw Hugh standing there with his bag.

"I want to see John Ingram," returned Hugh.

"Aren't you Godfrey?" asked the boy.

"I am," admitted Hugh.

Then the boy opened the door wide enough for Hugh to enter the room, which proved to be only the outer office.

"You're to come in and wait till Mr. Ingram comes back," he volunteered. "He's gone to the bank."

The other motioned for him to take a seat, and Hugh sat down on the smallest chair he could see.

"Where'd you get that bag?" Hugh flushed angrily. "It was my father's," he said.

"You mean to say your grandfather's. Why didn't you stay on the farm?"

Hugh did not speak.

"Ambitions?" asked the other. Godfrey nodded.

"You're lookin' to be a great gun like Ingram? You'd better go to the farm."

But before Higgins could make any more unpleasant comments, the office door opened and a small man walked in.

"I was obliged to go to the bank. I'm glad to know Ben Godfrey's son," he said, shaking hands with Hugh.

Then Hugh Godfrey knew that this little man was John Ingram, the man who, by his own efforts, had gained an enviable position in the business world.

And he was glad to be Ben Godfrey's son!

"This your bag, as he looked at Hugh?" he asked, taking up the old-fashioned bag as Godfrey acknowledged it to be his personal property.

"It's fairly like the only one I brought away from Coopersville with me twenty years ago. That had been my father's," said John Ingram, leading the way into his private office.

There he bade the lad sit down. "Your father's letter explained things to me pretty well, but I want to ask you a few questions. You are tired of living in the country I understand, and want to try making something here. Have you counted the cost?"

"I think so," said Hugh.

"You are giving up your home people to strive day after day along

a road lined with temptation," and the little man's dark eyes shone like lights as he talked, and Hugh dimly understood his wonderful power over men.

"But there's success," said Hugh. "True, there's success! But after all success is only the doing of the Master's business."

Hugh bowed his head silently. He would try never to forget that! "Higgins goes to other work tomorrow, and that is your berth for the present. It requires promptness, politeness and neatness," explained Mr. Ingram briefly. "He will show you about the other duties now."

That night as Hugh stood at the window of his room looking out over the lighted city, he thought of the farm house and those it held, then the beauty of the twinkling lights grew dim to Hugh, and the lad sank to his knees and prayed to God to help him commence this new life aright.

Six months had passed away since Hugh Godfrey had entered John Ingram's office; at the beginning time had gone quickly to the lad, but before the six months had half passed away, the days seemed to grow long, and each seemed longer than the one next before.

The six months since he had first met Tom Higgins had taught the raw country boy many lessons of life. Gradually and unconsciously the facts of the life around him had formed themselves in Hugh's mind until he was beginning to grasp the philosophy of his own life.

And, too, the reality of the scene which presented itself to him in his daily life, was not the ever changing one which the country boy had dreamed. Each day he spent most of the time shut up within the four walls of that outer office, with the same faces passing in and out—and they were not the faces of those he loved best. His mother! How Hugh longed for his mother!

It sometimes seemed to Hugh that milking cows had been less stupid and monotonous. But he strove to keep a brave spirit.

One night John Ingram sent for Hugh to come to him in the study at home. It was a magnificent room, handsomely furnished, and Hugh never entered it without a feeling of respect for the man whose choice it was—the man who had earned it by his own honest efforts.

"It seems to me almost like keeping you overtime at the office to ask you to talk shop at home," said Ingram kindly; "but I wanted to talk with plenty of time at my disposal. In the first place I want to tell you that I am prepared to raise your salary the first of next month. Your honesty, courtesy, and industry all warrant my doing this as a matter of business fairness."

Hugh's face flushed with pleasure.

"I'm glad you think I'm worth while," said he happily.

"And I am glad, too, for those are the boys we need for our new generation. But now I am going to ask you something. Do you want to go back to your father on the farm?" John Ingram asked with grave earnestness.

"To the farm!" Hugh was surprised.

"Yes."

A mist seemed to rise out of the floor and blind Hugh's eyes. Did he want to go back? The boy thought of his father, and Rachel, and his mother, and the tightness in his throat began to be like physical pain.

"I mean what I say; go back to your life on the farm," went on John Ingram.

Then it rushed over Hugh that by going back he would be giving up the thing he had wanted most only six months before, and taking up that life he had thought so meanly of then. And just as he had won promotion! He almost gasped that such a longing could have become possible to him.

"Hugh, it was twenty years ago that I left Coopersville and come here. But your case and mine differ widely in one respect; you have one spot you can call home, no matter where you go; but I was quite alone in the world, for my father and mother were both dead."

Hugh had often heard his father speak of John Ingram's sad life in Coopersville.

"But I wanted to come," faltered Hugh.

"Quite true, you wanted to come. But has the thing proved as worth while as it seemed it would when viewed from the farm?"

The boy did not answer. "My boy, do you know of a kind of courage that is moral, not physical? If you have found reason to change your mind about the charm of the city life, have the courage to go back while there is yet time," said Mr. Ingram earnestly.

"What would father say?" faltered Hugh. "He always taught me that what I commenced must be finished."

"Didn't he say that it all depended upon whether or not you commenced right?" asked Mr. Ingram.

"Yes," said Hugh. For a moment neither spoke. The thought of promotion was beginning to come uppermost in Hugh's mind.

"Supposing your father has already said something?" asked Mr. Ingram, as he took a letter from his desk; and the boy's heart gave a great throb of pleasure as he recognized his father's handwriting.

"If I thought father wanted me to come back—" faltered Hugh slowly.

"My boy, your father is a good man and you are his only son. He has written to me asking if you are content to stay here and make your life work here in the city."

"And if I'm not?" asked Hugh breathlessly.

"If you want to come back he will not hunt for a man to help him around the farm, for he says his boy is worth a dozen men."

Instantly Hugh was on his feet.

"I think I'll go, Mr. Ingram," he said. "You have been good to me, but I have made a mistake coming here. I will be father's man."

John Ingram got up and put a hand gently on the lad's shoulder.

"Hugh," he said, "never forget that God has been very good to you, to lead you home to your father."

"And my mother!" cried Hugh, and his breath came short and quick.

"And to your mother," said John Ingram softly.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Opening service, Friday evening, September 10th.

Services every Friday evening, at 8:15 o'clock sharp, at Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim, 72d Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Approaching Jewish Holy Days: Rosh Hoshanah, or New Year, beginning at sunset, Wednesday, September 15th.

Services at the Young Men's Hebrew Association, 92d Street and Lexington Avenue, on Thursday morning, September 16th, at 10 o'clock.

Yom Kippur, or Day of Atonement, beginning at sunset, Friday, September 24th, and ending the next evening. Religious services, morning and afternoon, on Saturday, September 25th, at the Y. M. H. A., 92d Street and Lexington Avenue.

Regular meeting, Tuesday, September 21st, in Vestry Room.

All are welcome to the services.

SAMUEL COHEN, Leader.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. OLIVER J. WHELDON, General Missionary.

Church services are held in the following places by the lay-readers mentioned on such Sundays and other days, and at such hours as are locally announced. The general missionary visits these and numerous other stations throughout the South at intervals to be appointed and locally made known.

LAY-READERS.

Grace Chapel, Baltimore, Mr. G. W. Boss.

Trinity Chapel, Washington, Mr. H. L. Stafford.

St. Elizabeth's Church, Wheeling, Mr. J. C. Bremer.

St. Philip's Church, Durham, N. C., Mr. R. Fortune.

Christ Church, Little Rock, Ark., Mr. J. H. Eddy.

St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., Mr. H. L. Tracy.

EXCURSION AND PICNIC OF THE BETH-ISRAEL DEAF SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

The 25th of August dawned like any other Philadelphia summer day, bright, clear, and according to old Probs, "warmer." Mr. E. was scurrying to catch the boat at Arch Street wharf. It was nearly 7 A. M. He was in quite a perspiration when he reached Front Street, and was overburdened with two parcels, one in each hand. To make matters worse a dog came running in his way, got tangled up with his feet and pitched him headlong towards the curb on the other side of the street. The parcels flew out of his hands with a kind of centrifugal force, and Mr. E. went down in the middle of the street and wiped up a quantity of dust and dirt with his Sunday clothes, like William the Conqueror when he landed on the coast of England.

But this is ancient history, you'll say, and has nothing to do with the Beth Israel Deaf Society's picnic. Well, we are not going to dispute with any one over such a trivial matter, and simply state, we are reporting facts. When Mr. E. picked himself and his packages up he surveyed his surroundings, and, wonderful to relate, he saw other lunches galore strewn about the same place—rich delicatessen sandwiches of ham and cheese, and "red ripe tomatoes" which sell in New York City "3 for a quarter," but which are a drug in the Philadelphia market. Evidently the dog had been taught to do the same trick on others. When Mr. E. got to the wharf he met the committee who thought he had just emerged from a coal mine, and told him he was "two previous" by about one hour, 11 minutes and 13 seconds as no one had come yet, and the boat did not leave until 8 o'clock.

At 8 o'clock all were aboard the "Thomas Clyde," the graceful steamboat that makes daily trips down the Delaware to Woodland Beach. There were altogether about 400 happy looking faces aboard. About one fifth—perhaps 80—belonged to those who were deaf. President Blackenssee's face was as radiant as a big sunflower. A double row of white teeth exposed by a broad smile helped him to express his delight. "It's a success," he began, "130 tickets were sold," netting "a profit of \$31," for the Society. As most people naturally view success in this light, we simply shook our head the right way to avoid a contradiction, but we still believe there are other kinds of success besides "the almighty dollar." Certainly the affair of the day was a success. Was not everybody looking his or her best with a world of happiness expressed in every face? Was not everybody pleased to see everybody else?

What were in the big paper boxes, and baskets that every other body carried, if not a lot of good things that one and all delight to eat in shady groves, away from the noise worry of a big summer scorched town? And then there were the anticipated games, the bathing in the bay, the cool breezes, the pleasant conversation, the delightful views from the boat, and the safe return of all to their homes without accident, fight or rumpus, to mar the outing. This is what we count success. Let the almighty dollar chase itself, when we go a pick-nicking, for then we don't care a farthing.

The original intention was to spend the day at Woodland Beach, a dilapidated and uninteresting resort below New Castle with only one good thing to recommend it—the bathing. As most of the deaf on board had been there often before, the novelty of the place had worn off, and they expressed the desire to stop off, instead, at Augustine Pier and "Park" Delaware, distance about forty-five miles from Philadelphia. Accordingly it was finally decided to hold the picnic there. En route we passed some interesting sights, chief of which were the great plant of the New York Ship Building Co., where one of the United States new dreadnaughts will be probably built, League Island, or the Philadelphia Navy Yard, which will soon be the greatest of them all, Washington (pleasure) Park, (Philadelphia's

Coney Island) on the New Jersey side, which was nearly wiped off the map by a big fire, a few weeks ago. At Chester, where the boat stopped to take on more excursionists, are located the extensive locomotive works of the Baldwins, a branch of the Philadelphia concern, and also, the big ship-building plants. Wilmington, which we passed, was not in good view, as it is situated on the Christiana Creek, some distance back from the Delaware.

The approach to Augustine Pier and Park was quite charming—a bright green expanse of tall grass with the pier jutting out into the bay came first in sight, then the bathing houses, and back of all a pretty grove of shady trees, a merry-go-round, and some frame structures indispensable to a picnic ground. We landed about 11:30 A. M., and proceeded to open our baskets and boxes of edibles and set the tables. As there were a number of athletic games scheduled to take place, the "young bloods," who were to participate in the contests quickly donned their racing "togs"—the girls in their blue bathing suits, and the young men in their Marathon outfits. Luncheon was quickly dispatched, and then the bustle began—all proceeded to the race track. Young Silnutzer, who has red hair, a lot of deaf brothers and sisters, and some "grey matter" ability, was the master of ceremonies. He directed that the prizes be expensed to view and the contests begun at once. Then order reigned everywhere, like the survey that made the prototype of Robinson Crusoe famous and the Clark Athletic Club of New York jealous. There was no grand stand for the spectators to sit on, or from which any thing might be stolen, as they had at Washington Park and Casino, Maspeth, L. I. The "grand stand" was on their own legs, but nobody complained as anticipation was too great.

The first contest was the 450-yards for young men. Caviston, who had gone into the contest on an empty stomach, touched the goal first, and was awarded the first prize, a safety razor set.

Joe Mohr, who is nearly six feet tall, came second, and was given a pretty imitation ruby and diamond stick pin.

Henry Freimel won a valuable gold locket, and Martin Caviston, a pretty stick pin, for the best running and jumping.

Henry Freimel won a very expensive nickel fob, containing a compass for the best broad jump.

Anna Gerner, of the Fanwood School, won the first prize in a 50-yards dash, and Sarah Silnutzer won the second. The former's prize was a big camera, and two pretty iridescent glass vases" went to the latter.

The egg-race was the most amusing of all the games as many of the ladies could hardly carry the eggs in their spoons while running.

The first prize was two pretty imitation cut-glass fruit dishes, which went to Ida Silnutzer, the smallest girl of the line; and Rose Silnutzer, her sister, carried off the second trophy which consisted of a pretty pink couch inlaid with a small thermometer.

There was a sack jump race between the men, but we failed to catch onto the names of the trophy winners. The first prize was an imitation diamond gold locket, and a stick-pin for the second.

Mrs. McDougherty received a pair of glass vinegar cruets for eating more icecream in a given time than Miss Lena Matzner, but both cheated—the one who cheated less "got the lemon"—the moral is, don't be honest if you can help it. There were other contests which we failed to properly record, as there was much excitement and merriment all round. The little girls in bathing suits beat the big ones in tight corsets. Everything went to prove that the Jews are not the sad, sober, and serious race that they are generally supposed to be, but can create and enjoy a laugh with the best of the funmakers.

We give a few names of those who helped to make the picnic a success: Mesdames Sadie D'Auntreech, Julia Cowan, Themiell, Wm. Lee, Wm. H. Lipsett, Wilson and Sons, McDougherty, Misses Katie March, Lena Matzner, Annie Gany,

Freda Pollock, Lena Silnutzer, Sarah Silnutzer, Ida Silnutzer, Rebecca Silnutzer, Rose Silnutzer, Clara Shapiro, from Alabama, Anna Gerner, Messrs. Huster, Kohlman, Caviston, Mohr, Silnutzer, Themiell, Berger, Brogan, Kline, Elwell, Keelins, of Delaware, and others.

The outing of the day seemed to be quite a sectarian affair. It is true the deaf Jews and Catholics were well represented and intermingled, but All Souls' Church and the Clero Literary Society were hardly represented. Was it rivalry that induced these two organizations to keep away? "In New York, it is so different, you know." In Philadelphia, why can't the deaf all join in one or two big excursions too, and have a large blow out without any indication of rivalry and prejudice. There are at least one thousand deaf and more in the old Quaker town. What's the matter with the deaf Quakers? They don't visit nature in the cool, sequestered groves of shady trees in the same numbers they did twenty years ago, and even their magnificent Fairmount Park of 3400 acres seems by them but little appreciated.

PIC-NIC ITEMS.

There were a number of pupils of the Mt. Airy School at the picnic, the youngest of whom most interested was Alex Hoffman, who is only ten years old, fine looking, bright and amiable. He is a semite if I am not mistaken, but also uses the "vernacular" signs like one "to the manner born." We became greatly interested in each other and hope to extend our acquaintance.

Mr. Huster, who has a comfortable income and is generally very liberal with it, with his friends, "burnt" a wad of good money on some charming girls, who preferred his company to the bathing. He looked mighty pleased with the performance, and told the writer he regretted the wad was so small, and would bring a bigger one along next time.

Sarah Silnutzer said she "spent two weeks vacation at Vineland," N. J., and visited Millville and South Vineland. She "had a grand time" and "weighs four pounds more," and "everybody said she had grown fat."

Miss Clara Shapiro, who hails from Alabama, had her straight black hair done up in regular Japanese fashion. She wore a pretty lavender dress, and looked "distingno."

Miss Matzner in a light blue embroidered dress looked quite fascinating; so, also, did Miss Freda Pollock, who wears a smile that makes you "sit up and take notice" because it never seems to wear off.

Miss Lena Silnutzer looked very tidy in a finely checked green and white dress. She has a charming disposition, like all the other Silnutzers.

Mrs. Julia Cowan, neatly attired in a white lawn bodice and linen skirt. Her husband owns a steam launch which he bought with his own savings. Both were former pupils of the writer.

The other pretty girls and ugly ones too, who did not attend the excursion, missed the opportunity of seeing their names in print. We hope they will take warning, look up their pride and prejudice at home, and come and make the outing a greater success next time. A common affliction should make us all kin—at least once a year.

The trip each way to and from Augustine Pier was three and one-half hours, leaving five hours for bathing, games, etc.

J. T. E.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Services at Eutaw Street M. E. Church, every Sunday, at 3:30 P. M.

Sunday School, at 2:30 P. M.

Week day meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room. (Except during July and August.)

Holy Communion, first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

To all those who remember the parade in honor of Admiral Dewey, there will be some conception of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration which is to begin on Saturday, September 25th, in the City and Harbor of New York. Yet the Dewey celebration will sink into insignificance in comparison with the commemoration of Hudson the Explorer, and Fulton the Inventor, which will be inaugurated in a little more than two weeks from to-day.

Three hundred years ago, Hudson in his ship, The Half Moon, passing through the Narrows saw on Manhattan Island an Indian village, where to-day innumerable sky-scrapers pierce the clouds.

A hundred years ago, the people ranged along the banks of the Hudson River, saw with awe and foreboding a little craft propelled by steam move slowly up the river. It was Fulton's steamboat, The Clermont.

Hudson navigated as far as Albany in his vain quest for a north west passage to China. Fulton steamed to Albany, and returned in triumph in the same manner. He had conquered the currents and the tides, and made rivers navigable in either direction. It took Hudson thirty-four days to cross the Atlantic, but as a result of his invention it is now possible to cross in a little over four days.

The little trading post which Hudson established on Manhattan Island, has through the commercial benefits of steam-propelled vessels become the metropolis of the New World, with a population of over four million souls.

The Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission consists of five hundred members, forty-seven of whom are Mayors of cities of New York State.

There will be a succession of pageants afloat and ashore, beginning on September 25th, and continuing until Saturday, October 9th.

In the naval parade there will be over a thousand vessels in line, and in the land pageants over fifty floats of historical significance will be used.

Hudson's ship, the Half-Moon, and Fulton's steamboat, The Clermont, have been accurately reproduced, the first being constructed in Holland under governmental grant and supervision. Historical accuracy will be observed scrupulously in the manning of the two vessels, especially with the Half Moon. The captain, mate and crew of this vessel not only will be in Dutch costume of Hudson's period, but will be Dutchmen, from the Utrecht, of the Royal Dutch Navy. Lieutenant Commander W. Lam, R. D. N., will impersonate Hudson, and Lieutenant de Messer, R. D. N., the mate of the Half Moon.

As to the fleet, the knowing ones

among those looking down upon it will be enabled to distinguish the nationalities represented by the great squadron of warships. There will be fifty-three vessels of the United States Navy, including sixteen battle ships, three armored cruisers, three scout cruisers and many torpedo boats and submarines. England sends four cruisers, the Drake, the Argyle, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Black Prince, under command of Rear Admiral Frederick T. Hamilton, who will be the official representative of Great Britain at the celebration. Germany sends a squadron, under command of the ranking officer of the German Navy, Admiral A. D. von Koester. Holland sends the Utrecht, Captain von Hecking Colenbrander, and several other vessels. Italy, France and several South American countries will be represented, and Mexico will send a gunboat, the Bravo, Captain Manuel E. Izaguirre.

Motionless will lie the fleet—as motionless as lay the Half Moon at anchor 300 years ago. Then suddenly, at half-past one, it will thrill with life. Like a Titanic sea serpent, clad in scales of steel, belching smoke and hissing steam, it will unwind its folds of a thousand ships and, with the battle ships leading the way, will head for the Hudson. At Fiftieth Street the two battle ships in the lead will swing out of line and come to anchor opposite each other, and successively war ship after warship will drop anchor in the same formation until all the way from Fiftieth to 175th Street there is a lane of vessels of war, while the merchant fleet divides and passes up the river between the lines of war ships and the shore.

And now into the lane of war ships, effulgent with armor, bristling with guns, marking the latest floating achievement of man for the killing of man, will enter—What? Two tiny craft of ancient and, from the standpoint of to-day, useless model—craft that a shot would sink, a blow from the bow of any one of those ships of war cut in two like paper. And yet, as the reproductions and their escort enter and proceed through that lane, battle ship after battle ship, cruiser after cruiser, gunboat, after gunboat, will thunder out its tribute to the symbols of peaceful achievement.

With the night of that first day begins a feature of the celebration which will continue every night, and which, but for one of the marvels of the modern world, would be impossible. That marvel is man's conquest of electricity and his yoking of it to the service of light. For during the week of the celebration New York will be the most brilliantly illuminated city in the world. Every war ship in the river will be revealed in outline by electric lamps flashing into life at the same instant. Every merchant vessel will play upon the night every light it can muster.

The grand official feature of the illumination will be an immense searchlight battery of two billion candle power at Riverside Drive and 110th Street. It is said that when brought together in a single beam this searchlight battery can be seen for fifty miles. Another battery will play with on aggregate power of four hundred thousand candles on Grant's tomb. The bridges make a prominent feature in the scheme of electrical illumination. They afford magnificent opportunity for display. They will be things of grace and beauty, and all of light. Brooklyn Bridge will have 13,000 lamps and Queensboro Bridge 14,000, Williamsburg Bridge 11,000 and Manhattan Bridge 11,000.

Sunday, the community will be allowed to recuperate from the stunning effects of the previous day and night spectacle on land and

water. Monday will be characterized by the opening of exhibitions in public institutions.

The city having been allowed to relax, as it were, for a couple of days, gets another lift on Tuesday, September 28th. On that day will be the greatest pageant that is designed to illustrate, through a series of artistic living pictures on floats that are bigger than any ever seen in any procession before, the history of New York from the days of the Iroquois to the middle of the last century.

The line of parade will be from Central Park West and 110th Street, down Central Park West to Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square and Fourth Street, where it will disband.

The day following this parade, Wednesday, will be devoted to public school exercises and boat races on the Hudson opposite Riverside Drive and Yonkers. The military parade will be held on Thursday, a feature being the probable participation of forces from the foreign war ships. Friday will be the naval parade, which will differ from the rendezvous and manœuvres of the first day, only in that the vessels will proceed up the river to Newburg and there meet a flotilla of vessels from the river.

On Saturday night, October 2d, the week of celebration, so far as New York City is concerned, will culminate in a grand carnival parade, organized by the German societies of the city. There will be a torchlight parade, with guards of honor in dominoes, and there will be fifty floats of allegorical and poetical significance.

The week following the cities on the Hudson River north of New York will celebrate and will have their parades and water shows, formed of parts of what will have been seen in New York. On Saturday night, October 9th, President Taft, by pressing an electric button, will light immense signal beacons of Irish peat on Governor's Island, Fort Lee, Fort Washington, Spuyten Duyvil, Alpina, Hastings Point, Hook Mountain, High Tor, Stony Point, Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose, Sugar Loaf Hill, West Point, Constitution Island, Storm King, Bull Hill, and Crow's Nest. And when, at last, on dune and headland shall have sunk the fires the Hudson-Fulton celebration will be a thing of the past.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

In an effort to better the seating facilities for the deaf public that are to attend the reading of the great romantic drama, "If I Were King," by Samuel Cohen, on Saturday evening, October 9th, the committee has changed the place from the Young Woman's Hebrew Association to the Young Men's Hebrew Association, 32d Street, corner Lexington Avenue. Those of the deaf who attended the last reading will remember the large and spacious auditorium, which, with its white background and numerous seating capacity, is considered one of the best lecture halls adapted for the deaf in the city.

Mr. J. Wilkinson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was a visitor with friends in Scranton, Pa., during the convention. His address to them was pleasing and interesting. He made many friends during his short stay and will be a welcome visitor any time.

Mrs. Mary Evans, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending several months with her friend, Miss Gussie Harper, in Scranton, Pa. Miss Harper will return with Mrs. Evans for a few weeks' visit with old friends in Brooklyn.

Miss Rose Racien has returned from a month's sojourn at the Catskill Mountains, looking the picture of health. She reported having an enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Manning have returned to New York, after a pleasant vacation at Oneonta, N. Y.

BANGOR, ME.

The Thirtieth Annual Convention of the Maine Mission for the Deaf was held in this place, Saturday to Monday, August 28th to 30th, and was attended by about eighty delegates.

The business and social session were held in the Y. M. C. A., the business session, Saturday afternoon.

It was called to order with President, A. L. Carlisle in the Chair. Rev. Mr. Wyand delivered the invocation. Reports of the various officers and committees were made, chief among them being the report of the religious work, and the efforts towards a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. After a very brief deliberation the subject of a Home was placed on the table, the party most interested being absent at the moment the subject was put in order. No little disappointment was felt on the part of many, as this was looked forward as the feature of the most vital importance. Various other matters were discussed. Rev. Wyand, F. W. Bigelow, and one or two other persons were admitted as honorary members, and in recognizing the honor Rev. Mr. Wyand made an address, in which he alluded to the Home subject and several other subjects of importance to the Association, in a way that brought forth comment. The place for the next Convention is to be Augusta. There were three other places named, Augusta getting more than two thirds of the votes cast.

On Saturday evening Miss Goldsmith, of Cambridge, official interpreter, gave a number of stories in signs. Many other gave anecdotes and aided in making the evening merry. Refreshments were served during the social which followed.

On Sunday morning all the delegates assembled in the Second Baptist Church, when the pastor, Rev. Lorimer, delivered a special sermon to them, before his regular congregation. Miss Goldsmith interpreted the entire services with great credit to herself, and pleasure to all. It was an occasion to be remembered.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Wyand preached the Convention Sermon in the Y. M. C. A., on "Repentance." He spoke for over an hour and was listened to with eagerness.

Sunday evening, services were again held in the Baptist Church, preceded by a prayer meeting by the Maine Mission, and the Congregation, Dr. Lorimer proved to be a great friend of the Deaf, and the meeting was a good one, full of good work. Several of the deaf took part, Miss Goldsmith interpreting in spoken language, to the gratification of those who could hear. Among those to speak was Rev. Wyand, who offered the opening prayer, vocally, which came as a surprise to all who could hear, including Dr. Lorimer, the pastor. Others who spoke (by signs) were: Mr. Fairman, Messrs. Flynn, Fister, Orcutt, Miss Lafferty, Mrs. Folsom, and others.

After a brief talk by the pastor, Mr. Wyand preached by voice on "Prayer," and at the conclusion of the services, pronounced the benediction, audibly. A special collection was taken and given to the Maine Mission to carry on church work.

On Monday, a trolley excursion was made to Riverside Park. All expected to pay the twenty cents fare, on a special, and were amused, when the Superintendent of the road entered the car, as it passed the barn, and requested the crowd to have the car and road at their disposal at his expense. It was a delightful ride, and in the park, games were indulged in as follows: Potato Race, won by Mrs. Lizzie Leavay, prize, witch basket.

50 yards dash, won by Clair Lamb, prize, set of twenty-five Bangor postals.

Second and third, 50-yards dash, no prizes, won by Fred Flynn and Thomas Primm.

Tug-of-War, Ladies, won by team under Mrs. Cross and Miss Golden.

Tug-of-War, for Men, terminated in disaster, as a result of no one judging how many men a small, well-rotted rope was going to allow see-saw on it. Eight men at each end pulling on an average of 250 lbs. each—they were Maine farmers—was too much a force of fully 1,800 lbs. against 1,800 lbs. on a rope, that would have made a good wash line, and nothing more. When the mass of humanity was untangled some made enough noise to bring out an ambulance, had one been within hearing reach. The other two tugs were off, as no more rope could be secured.

A three-legged race was won by Fred Skilling and Patrick Thibodeau.

Egg race for ladies, won by Mrs. Cross.

Egg race for men, won by Ralph Friend.

The starter was Thomas Primm. Judges, Messrs. Fister and Wyand. The crowd returned from the park at noon and immediately took trains and boats for their homes.

The place of the next convention was hotly contested. Fred Flynn

nominated Portland; Mr. Staples, Richmond; Mr. Fister, Augusta, he referring to what Mr. Wyand had said in his address as to the advantages of a meeting in Augusta. Augusta won.

Mr. F. W. Bigelow, of Boston, took in this convention, as did Mr. Marcus Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Fairman and others. Mr. Bigelow was official photographer, and the pictures taken are of the finest order.

The convention was in every way a most successful one, and President Carlisle and his committee proved worthy hosts. The bulk of the crowd entered at Hotel Belmont, just opposite the Y. M. C. A., not because of better rates or bed, but because it was handy. The large porch was the convention place, in fact, and more discussions were held there than on the Y. M. C. A. platform.

The writer made his trip to Bangor via Portland, Auburn and Augusta. The trolley line between Portland and Augusta was used and for a scenic and pleasure ride, through a healthful country, we have no knowledge of its equal. The trip from Augusta to Bangor was made by steam, as the line of electric is not quite complete. In Augusta we ran out to Togus, where the New England Soldiers Home is located. There are 2,700 of those grand old men there and the place is worth a long trip to see. It seems superior to two other homes we have visited.

The return trip from Bangor to Boston was made by boat. The crowd consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fairman, of Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Cross and daughter, of Beverly, Messrs. Bigelow, Orcutt, Wyand, Staples, Marcus Brown and Mrs. Webb. At Rockland, Professor Crane, wife and children, of Hartford, joined the crowd. There were fully one thousand on board, mostly summer folks returning home. The scenery along the Penobscot is a rival of that of the Rhine.

This makes a total of twenty-three States in which I have been (but nobody in Maine told me to skidoo) and I have never met people in public, who have sane ideas of the deaf, or who have more true fellowship for them than those of Maine. In my travels I ran into possibly a dozen officials who could use the hand alphabet, and they were exceptionally courteous. As on former tours in strange places, I kept an eye open for K. of P. men, and, of course, I did not get less than I paid for. A little incident in Portland convinced me of the good in such fraternity. I had about five minutes to catch the hour car for Auburn. Coming out on a street in Portland to the trolley line I just could not recall of the waiting room and terminal was three or four blocks up street or down. Seeing a K. of P. coming down and knowing one word would save me a long walk with a heavy grip, I approached him, thinking he would see that I was a K. of P., but my emblem was not in its place and the fellow bolted on by me, but there was only a second of bolting. His ice melted away, he returned and not only piloted me to the room, but offered to carry my grip, and see me on the car, quite a number of lodge men were met on the whole trip, some like myself, were here in Maine for pleasure and work. Their curiosity over the signs ceased when they knew one was not far below them in some things. Too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of associations and organizations for the mutual benefits of the deserving and well-meaning. It was voted in Bangor to have the board send a delegate to Colorado in 1910, if such can be done. We hope the National of Federation will be a thing realized there, and then in turn let every fellow, who can, get into some local fraternity or lodge, which has an order throughout the nation. The prejudice will be lessened by that means quicker than by any. I have never entered a city since a K. of P., but what I felt that there were men in it, who although total strangers to me, would in a second do for me what any brother would do. I would rather be a K. of P. than carry a \$20,000 policy in the best insurance company in the world, because it not only makes me at home wherever I am, and banishes all the fears of being taken ill, or a victim of accident, and left in a strange place, but I now have the peace of knowing that if I am taken ill or hurt, while on my back, I will be cared for as I would be in my own home, while with insurance, if my income was cut off, by my illness, the insurance premium must be raised just the same and paid, or in twelve brief months, it is gone, together with all you paid—again insurance companies bust like glass balls. At Derry, N. H., Saturday we hope to see more of the fraternal feeling, and as a result Colorado get another boost.

Fred Flynn was much in evidence and not only was a force in the convention, but was booming various deaf enterprises. Geo. E. Fister was there, and no one will doubt the fact. The writer was his guest in Saco, on August 21st, and his charming better half knows how to rule over her kingdom, making this old Gallaudet football warrior completely happy. Fister is lean and lank compared to football days, but this is pardonable when

we see that rest and sleep are not worth considering to him as there is something greater to interest him—a little fellow just beginning to say dad! I dad! Another man at the Convention, who made things move before him, was Howard Mayberry. Mr. Geo. W. Wakefield, the Treasurer, who has attended the very first convention, and many conventions during the past three-score years, was an authority on all matters. Some of the ladies, too, were star workers. Maine has a bright future, for the deaf are united.

E. C. W.

WEST VIRGINIA.

On Thursday evening, August 27th, we had services in the Trinity Hall conducted by our general missionary, Rev. O. J. Whildin. The meeting was held earlier than we had expected. However, quite a large number of our people were in attendance, in fact the largest number we ever had on previous occasions. We were once more glad to have Mr. Whildin come to pray with us. His topic was the 24th Chapter of St. Luke, along with some useful talks. At the close of the services three persons were baptized, they being Miss Lula Johnson, of Waverly, W. Va., Mr. Emory Baker, of Pennsboro, W. Va., and Chas. B. Deem, of this city. The confirmation to be announced later. Mr. Whildin left on the morrow for Wheeling, W. Va., where he held services in the morning and evening of the 29th, and from there he went direct to Cumberland, Md., to take his wife and children home, who have been spending their vacation there for some time past.

Miss Cora Uhl, who has been spending the past week and half at Williamstown, W. Va., and Marietta, Ohio, the guest of relatives and friends, is back in our midst again. She went thither to get ready for school, at Columbus, which will open in the course of a very few weeks. There will be quite a decrease in our silent population within a week or so, some of whom have already left.

Mr. Chas. B. Deem is back with us again, he having been away the past week out in the country, squirrel hunting. He reports a fine time, and that there were plenty of squirrels, although he bagged only three squirrels, two the first day and one the third day, and that was all to make the story complete.

Mr. Cecil B. Marple was a visitor in Marietta, Ohio, some days ago. That place is quite lovely and is noted for some of its historic relations of the last century.

Mr. Emory Baker, well-known among us, and who claimed that he is a graduated barber, just out of the Moler Barber College in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been staying here the past two weeks in the hope of finding work, but every one of his efforts were futile.

The West Virginia School at Romney will be formally opened on the 8th, and it is hoped that there will be a larger attendance this year than the previous ones. We wish the officers, teachers, pupils and the whole school, the very best wishes for the year.

Some of us who have subscribed to the *Silent Churchman* some time ago, are in receipt of the July number. That little paper is neatly gotten up, and promises to grow steadily in usefulness. We all like it so much and bespeak for it and its editor, Mr. G. F. Flick, all the success attainable. Rev. Mr. Whildin secured the subscriptions while here the 27th.

The City Park was the scene of a very enjoyable gathering of our silent people, Thursday, August 26th, when they were entertained to a social given by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Correll. The affair began in the evening from 7:30 to 10:30. The time was spent very pleasantly talking, debating and swapping yarns, and at a seasonable time refreshments were served. Everyone in attendance reported it to be the best social they ever had at times during the past summer. As will be seen in the clipping below, taken from a local paper, Mr. and Mrs. Correll have already taken their departure from us, and it is with regret that we have to lose such good people from our midst. Our best wishes go with them for a very successful life in New York. Here is the clipping taken from the *Parkersburg Sentinel*, August 27th:

SOCIAL HELD BY DEAF-MUTES.

"One of the most brilliant functions ever held at the City Park was the social given last night by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Correll, who reside on upper Juliana Street, complimentary to their friends. The evening was one round of pleasure, and the event marks the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Correll for New York City within a week. Refreshments were served at a late hour. Most of the party were deaf, and those who took advantage of Mr. and Mrs. Correll's hospital were: Mr. and Mrs. Schlegel, Mrs. May Daubenspeck, Misses Mildred Calhoun, Florence Pew, and Grace Correll, and Cora Uhl, Lucy Quinn, Sallie Bradley, Messrs. Neville Marshall, Edward Lavelle, and Emory Baker, Charles B. Deem, Cecil B. Marple, and Archie Wells."

A WEST VA. READER.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Sept. 5, 1909.

FANWOOD.

Miss Alice Judge has been spending her vacation and returned here last Tuesday. Miss Crull, a tutor of the Mansion House, invited her to stay at her house in Dublin, Ind., for one month. She left Indianapolis on August 30th, and stopped over at Buffalo for a day. She had an instructive and enjoyable vacation.

Mr. Chester Altenderfer, is a new tutor of the boys and is an expert in athletic games.

Frank Nimmo sent a barrel of apples to Cadet Captain G. K. S. Gompers, who kindly gave apples to the boys and girls. They thanked him very much.

Last Tuesday Bahr, a pupil of Fanwood, rode up here on his bicycle and gave it to the boys. They have great sport riding on it. Mr. Charles Keiserwetter, who graduated from Fanwood in 1890, was up here on Wednesday afternoon, having obtained one week's vacation from his boss at West Point. Mr. Keiserwetter is a painter by trade, and since leaving school has found little difficulty in securing employment. For the past four years or so he has been working at the Military Academy, West Point, at good wages. He knows of several deaf-mute painters, and think that it is a good trade for the deaf.

It is announced that Prof. W. G. Jones' sign recitations, that are to be shown by moving pictures in the Institution Chapel, on Wednesday evening, September 15th, are Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," and the man with a toothache going to the dentist. The full Battalion of Cadets will be plainly shown in manoeuvring and drill, and it will no doubt tickle the boys to "see themselves as others see them," while practicing the exercises that makes to perfection in the school of the soldier.

Miss M. A. Walp, who for many years has been connected with the Institution for the Deaf at Mt. Airy, Pa., has accepted the position of Matron at "Fanwood," and entered upon her duties September 1st. Miss Walp is a pleasant-mannered lady and brings to her position the requisite experience to insure success.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Mrs. Nannie Robb, wife of Jesse Robb, a resident of Jeannette, departed this life at the Westmoreland Hospital, Greensburg, at five o'clock Wednesday evening, September 1st, resulting from paralysis of the spinal cord. Her body was brought to Coshey's Morgue here, preparatory to the taking of her remains to the residence of her parents in Arlington Heights, Jeannette. The funeral services were held at the house on Friday afternoon, and were attended by a large concourse of sympathizing people, who knew the deceased well. Interment was made in Union Cemetery, in the locality of Greensburg.

Mrs. Robb leaves a husband and one son to mourn her taking off, besides her parents and a brother. She was born in Hempfield Township, north of Greensburg, on December 7th, 1873, and was therefore thirty-six years of age. She was not born a deaf-mute. When she was a child, she could hear with her left ear, and could speak a few words. She was admitted as a pupil at the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, where she remained for a period of five years. She was married to Jesse Robb, July 1st, 1896, by Rev. Mr. Yount, pastor of the Greensburg Lutheran Church. Three children were born to this union, one of them a son, living now. They removed to Jeannette about three years ago, where Mrs. Robb had resided up to the time of her death. She had been suffering untold pain for a year at least, although she at times bore her sufferings with the utmost patience and cheerfulness. She was of a modest and quiet disposition, and was highly esteemed in the community in which she had lived. She was a consistent member of the First Lutheran Church of Greensburg.

John F. V. Long, a well known mute of Youngwood, lately returned from Indiana, Pa., where he took in the County Fair. He opines that the Youngwood Fair is superior to the Indiana one in some exhibits.

Quite a number of pupils who have been spending their vacation pleasantly in this section of the country here, returned to school in Edgewood to wrestle with their studies during the coming term. We expect to hear good results concerning them.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haley, a newly-married couple, whom we local mentioned in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, are now settled in a new cozy cottage in Grey Avenue, at Jeannette.

Philip Gittens, of South Greensburg, is steady at the Keystone Coal Works, and is doing well.

REX.

A self-chalking chalk line is the latest addition to the carpenter's kit.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

September 4, '09.—The Lawn fete given by the Senior Dayton Ladies' Aid Society, Saturday evening last, on the lawn of Miss Clara Lingle's home, drew a very large crowd. The fine weather was responsible for part of it, and the activity of the ladies and assistance of the members of the Advance Society came in for a good share. A streamer lighted with Chinese lanterns across the pavement announced the event to all passers. Inside the yard, rows of lanterns lighted up the grounds. The admission was ten cents, and this gave each comer a dish of ice cream and cake.

Sam Stebleton conducted the fish pond and did a good business during the evening, no one casting a line without a catch of some thing. The writer went down on an afternoon traction car, and on reaching the grounds came face to face with Miss Bessie Edgar, who had come on the same car and had been unobserved by the scribe, though at one time within two feet of her—but then she was playing Bo-Peep when he came near her, by hiding her countenance under the rim of a big hat. Another surprise was the finding of Mrs. Joseph Leib there also, who had come earlier in the day. And Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of West Alexandria, was there too, to take Mrs. Leib to his home after the fete, as guest of his family. Other Columbus people in attendance were Mr. Albert Ohlemacher and family and Miss Grace Null, sister of Mrs. Ohlemacher. They were the guests of Miss Lingle. Mr. Jacob Showalter, who for some time was making his home under the roof of the irresistible Jimmy Smith, and the latter insisted that the scribe pass the night there too, which invitation was accepted. Miss Edgar was taken in tow by Mrs. Henry Munday, nee Clara Enck, Gallaudet, '98.

We had the pleasure of meeting most of the Dayton deaf, and found with one or two exception all doing well, especially since the return of prosperous times. Henry Ranzo still follows the huckstering business and keeping a stand on market despite his deafness. Mr. Smith is back in the pump factory, where he is in charge of the shipping department. Mr. Elmer Lewis is with a piano firm. Mrs. Lewis just back from a visit to friends in Indiana, is preparing for one to Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Pershing are getting ready to remove to Springfield.

Sunday forenoon found us with Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, in West Alexandria. He took special pains to show Mrs. Leib and us his poultry, and we must confess that as a beginning he has done well, as some three hundred or more chickens of various ages, sizes, colors and conditions indicated. Mrs. Snyder showed her culinary genius by the splendid dinner she set out for her guests, and justice was done it. Mrs. Leib returned to Columbus in the evening, and the writer found himself in Richmond, Ind., the middle of the afternoon, and got a peep at the recently-arrived twin grand daughters. Messrs. Earl and Ernest Mather reside here. They were visited Monday. The first is now employed in a coffin factory, and is well-spoken of by his employer. Ernest works in the lumber shop of his uncle, and was busy during our call preparing the lumber materials for a house according to the plans before him. He hopes to be in Columbus during the races. He has a couple of valuable race colts in training. He informed us that not long ago, a fellow pretending to be deaf and dumb came around to his shop and was conducted to him by one of the office employees. His name was Hick, and he had a cord on which he asked aid so he could enter Gallaudet College. Mr. Mather talked to him by finger spelling, and the fellow finding he was in close quarters beat a hasty retreat. It is not known how much he had taken in from people he had begged from.

Miss Effie Laing, of Bedford, O., attended the "Home Coming week," at Ravenna last week, and during her stay there was the guest of her schoolmate, Miss Olivia Baldwin.

Mr. Charles Osburn, who is foreman of the Carpenter Shop of the North Dakota School, has been kept busy during the vacation building a large barn for the school. By the way, he erected the one at the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, and did it in a workmanlike manner, and we are sure the one he is putting up for the North Dakota School will come up to all expectations. He is also building a seven-room house with full basement, eight feet clear in cellar. That looks suspicious. Cupid must be having her dart ready for him.

This was State Fair week, and drew here big crowds every day. This year the State Institutions were represented. All exhibited products or handiwork of the inmates, and were pronounced creditable. The feature will become permanent. The State School for the Deaf exhibited the collection sent to the Jamestown Centennial, and each day during the fair a living

exhibition of the manner pupils are taught was given by four pupils under the direction of Miss Lousia Berry, Assistant Supervisor of Speech.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, and daughter, Leno'a, of Sandusky, O., have been in the city all week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zorn. Tuesday, in company of their hosts, Dr. Patterson, Mr. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher and Miss Clara Lingle, who had come up from Dayton, Monday evening, they spent the day at Buckeye Lake. Wednesday, they were guests of the McGregors. Thursday, the attractions of the State Fair interested them, and Friday the rain kept them indoors.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Drake were callers at the School for Deaf Wednesday afternoon. As Mr. Drake has now become a full-fledged farmer, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry have become interesting objects for him, and the State Fair is just the place to gain pointers in his new occupation. It was our first meeting with Mrs. Drake, and as their home is now near Columbus, we hope to see more of her and get better acquainted.

Mr. Joseph Leib spent Sunday with friends in Cincinnati, and Mrs. Carrie Leib Neuner was the guest of Mrs. Levi Taylor, of Dayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib's names should have been among those attending the reception to Mr. Van Emmon by Mrs. Zell. Whether the omission was ours, or the typesetters, we don't know.

Mr. and Mrs. Neutzling have returned from a six weeks' visit to the Hines, at Jeffersonville. Joe says working on, farm is real fine.

Since reaching home, we learn that the Senior Dayton Ladies' Aid Society were particularly gratified over the results of their lawn fete. The total receipts amounted to \$61.40, and the expenses only \$11.25; thus leaving them for the care of their room the neat little sum of \$50.15.

The following from out-of-town were State Fair visitors, and most of them visited their *Alma Mater*: John Robinson, Troy, Levi Valentine, Radnor, Raymond Rose, Haverhill, Jacob Jones, Arcanum, Grover C. Burham, Huntington, West Virginia, Albert Elsass, Botkins, Mike Zimpfer, Anna, Clara Osborn, Shawnee, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hines, Jeffersonville, and Mr. Wm. Wesley Frazier, Bridgeport.

Mr. Benj. Showalter was visiting his parents this week, here. With the beginning of school next week, he becomes a teacher in the Dayton, Ohio, Steel High School, an honor his parents can well feel proud of, and his friends will wish him success.

Mrs. James H. Smith, of Dayton, who some weeks ago went to Brown County to be under treatment of her brother, who is a doctor, returned home last Friday, much improved, and her friends hope she will not suffer a recurrence of her ailment.

"It's a long lane knows no turning," and the employees of the bindery fully realized the proverb this week, when it came to distributing annual passes to the State Fair to them, for the pastboards were not forthcoming this time. For thirty-five years or more, it has been the custom for those employed therein to be remembered, thus:—This year, however the Board of Agriculture put its foot down on passes, and only heads of departments were given the privilege of free entry. However, the employees of the bindery were given a holiday Thursday, and hence could see the show if they handed over a half dollar to the gatekeeper.

The Cleveland Association of the Deaf held its first annual picnic at Edgewater Park last Saturday afternoon and evening, and it was a glorious success financially and socially. It was in charge of the following committee: Mrs. E. E. Bates, Mr. Kreigh Ayers, Mr. Thomas McGinness, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Krull, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Koelle, Mr. and Mrs. David Friedman, Chairman. Thanks are extended to the following for prizes given: Mrs. Stephen Butler, Mrs. A. J. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ayers, Mrs. E. E. Bates, Mr. Otto G. Zueck, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Koelle and two interested persons. The game were an interesting object of amusement during the afternoon, particularly the bean chewing contest.

For the bean guessing contest, one cent a guess, there were 220. After supper came a literary program, or rather songs, as follows:

"Help Save Ohio"—By Miss Lena Froehlich.

"America"—By Miss Ruth Knox and Mrs. Herman Koelle.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"—by Mrs. A. Ortol and Mrs. Fred C. Krull.

The hearing were especially charmed by the graceful and truly depicting pantomime of the ladies. There were over one hundred and fifty deaf at the picnic, and a large number of hearing persons.

The deaf wore blue ribbon badges with the initials O. A. C. printed upon them.

The receipts were \$42, and the Association will realize thirty or more dollars.

The committee is also under obligation to the management of

the Park Pavilion for the use of reserved space for supper.

Following was the program of contests with the prize for each and the winners:

Base ball—five innings, box of cigars. Hop Race—for Men, B. Tussig, pipe. Hoel Race—for Ladies, Helen Hummer, set of gold pins. Little Boys Race, 50 yards, Collins Stotler, baseball glove. Little Girls Race, 50 yards, Alice O'Brien, set of gold pins. Fifty-Yard Race—for Young Ladies, Lena Froehlich, box of candy. Boys Race, 100 yards, Howell Stotler, paper nest. One Hundred Yards Race—for Men, S. Blum, cigar tray. Walking Race, 100 Yards—for Ladies, Miss H. Olander, box of candy. Walking Race, 200 Yards—for Mr. John Miller, desk rest. Blind Folded Race—for married Ladies, name unknown, box of candy. Shoe Race—for Boys, no contest, necktie. High Kick—for Men, Mr. Ross, two dozen M. A. Post cards. Peanut Race—for ladies, Miss Froehlich, lace handkerchief. Cheating Gum Contest (most graceful chews), three winners, Messrs. Fred C. Krull and August Faulhaber and Miss Krull, two dozen souvenir post cards. Bean Guessing contest, (entrance fee one cent), Mr. Powell, one dollar. Tug-of-War, pencils.

A. B. G.

WASHINGTON D. C.

The death of Miss Caroline E. Mades was a shock to her many friends and acquaintances. She died on the 1st instant after a short illness, the exact cause of her death being hard to determine, but it is thought it was peritonitis. The funeral was held Friday afternoon, the 3d instant, a large number of her relatives and friends both deaf and hearing being present. The services were conducted by Rev. O. J. Whildin and Rev. J. D. Buhner, a hearing minister, and Mrs. A. F. Adams signed the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The remains were interred in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Miss Mades was a lifelong resident of Washington and was educated in the Kendall School. She was the daughter of Charles Mades, proprietor of Mades' hotel, and for a number of years acted as housekeeper for the hotel. She was a member of St. Barnabas Mission and was an active and enthusiastic worker in religious matters.

Contrary to expectations, cars are not yet running on the Eighth Street and Florida Avenue street car line. The tracks are practically completed, but there seems to be some delay in obtaining part of the electrical equipment, so it may be October 1st before the line is in operation. This will be somewhat of a disappointment to those college students who expected to board a car at the Union Station and, in a few minutes, step off at the gate to Kendall Green.

Miss W. Kilgore has thrown up her job at the Southern Railway Co.'s offices and gone to a farm near Rockville, to rest for a couple of weeks before resuming her work as a teacher. Miss Maude Edington is with her.

Mrs. Keyser was injured in a recent accident on the Chesapeake Beach railway, but fortunately not seriously. A work train ran into the rear of a passenger train and gave the passengers a bad shaking up. Mrs. Keyser was injured by the terrific jolt.

We are informed that there is a young deaf man in town, Max Van Hariton, who recently came from Germany.

Jacob Eskin, who has been assisting his father in his tailor shop, is thinking of going into business on his own account.

The regular Sunday services at St. Barnabas' Mission, which were suspended during the summer, were resumed on the 5th instant. Until further notice, services will be held in St. Barnabas' chapel, corner Third Street and Indiana Avenue, N. W., every Sunday morning at 11 A. M.

M.

Services in the Dioceses of Albany and Central New York.

First Sunday in the month: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Albany evening, Amsterdam.

Second Sunday: Morning, Syracuse; afternoon, Oneida; evening, Utica.

Third Sunday: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Schenectady; evening, Herkimer.

Fourth Sunday: Morning, Utica; afternoon, Rome; evening, Syracuse.

The above is the ordinary arrangement of services. Departures from this arrangement and appointments for week-day services will be announced by postal card.

H. VAN ALLEN, Missionary, 232 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANFEL, Pastor, 8535 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 19:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

CHICAGO.

H. A. Brimble, 3585 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. Bauman Carpenter is entertaining, Miss Bessie MacGregor, of Cleveland, O., daughter of "Old Mac," the humorist and orator of considerable fame. Miss Bessie MacGregor arrived here last Saturday P.M., and was shown the wonderful sights of our Chicago, and in the evening, attended the Literary meeting and enjoyed Prof. Berg's reading exceedingly.

Mr. Chas. Angle has bought a twenty-acre fruit farm—Isles of Pine Cuba. He is making preparation, it is said, to go there some time early in September, to make improvements and transform it into a modern and up-to-date farm. Mrs. Chas. Angle is having her mother staying with her to keep company, during, Mr. Angle's absence.

Mrs. C. Boss, a sister of Mrs. Chas. Angle, will leave Duluth, Minn., to stay with the Angle's family for the winter. Mrs. Boss will accompany her on her trip and secure employment for the coming winter.

Mr. Van Emmon has returned from Ohio, to resume his studies at Art Institute, and declared he had a high old time and was highly entertained by the Zells.

Mr. Hughes, of Cleveland, O., makes a frequent visits here—nearly every other month. He seems unable to resist the craving for dear Chicago.

Mr. Leo. Holway, an enterprising young draftsman, has chosen northern Wisconsin as the secluded corner for his two Autumn weeks' vacation. Wonder if he will bring in big game.

Mrs. H. Brimble has returned to Chicago, after her vacation of two months. Her friends were all pleased to welcome her home and extended many invitations, which she was unable to accept owing to domestic matters which needed her attention.

Mrs. Brimble says "there is no place like Chicago." How about the roaches, Linda? They need your attention.

Prof. Berg and the "Winter Tale," combined, proved excellent bait, for it undoubtedly drew the rest of those present at the Literary Circle meeting on Saturday, August 25th. The hall was crowded to standing space.

Expression of gratification on the face of the professor, at seeing an unusual large crowd, was more than appreciated. He delivered his deprecatory article as fluently, without a flaw, as Shakespeare wrote it.

It was very interesting as well as instructive to those who are inclined to become a prey to the green-eyed monster—Jealousy.

Last Monday, August 30th, a group of young ladies got up a lake excursion to St. Joe, Mich., in honor of Miss MacGregor.

"Bessie is having a very pleasant and delightful time during her stay here," some one appropriately remarked.

The requiem of the straw hat on September 1st, has been granted a respite, so Mayor Busse proclaimed.

Church pulpits were exchanged between Revs. Cloud and Flick for Sunday, September 5th, last. Rev. Cloud held Holy Communion here, while Rev. Flick held the other in St. Louis, Mo.

Wonder if Roosevelt is figuring on an Arctic hunting expedition since the North Pole has been (?) "discovered."

With the Autumn fairly creeping in on us, and the folks have returned home to prepare the fall opening of the society's parties, receptions and dinners, for the ensuing year.

Mrs. F. B. Carpenter took the lead, with an elaborate reception tendered to Miss Bessie MacGregor, of Columbus, O., who is staying with her, on last Tuesday evening, August 31st.

When the last invited guest had arrived, Mrs. Carpenter announced that a magazine contest will be had. She distributed blank papers to each guest, and supplied those who had no pencil with a pencil.

A letter, paper was pinned on the door-panel, inscribed with disguised names of twenty-five magazines.

For an example—"One hundred year old," The Century Magazine. "A boy's Jack Knife," "Youth's Companion," and so on.

Mr. Ernest Craig made out the largest number, and Rev. Flik one number short.

Again Mrs. Carpenter passed papers and scissors to the guests and then proceeded to tell each the name of an animal, he and she is to cut in silhouette out of the paper and after it is done, had it pinned on her shirt waist shoulder, and the men on their coat lapel.

After every one had the picture cut, they were told to write down the names of the animal the picture represents, make the largest "games" numbers.

Delicious ice-cream of different make and flavors with dainty cookies were served, which all enjoyed to their heart's content.

Prof. Berg, like Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner eating ice-cream,

but we all were amazed at the size of the dish and quantity the professor consumed. He eyed the crowd and when he thought he was not observed, he ate voraciously, expecting to get more, but, alas! those who witnessed his disappointment have promised to keep *mum*. Those who were at present were: Dr. and Mrs. Dougherty, Rev. and Mrs. Flick, Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Angle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brimble, Misses Grace Knight, McKee, Marks, Dunn, Jacobs, Jollinger, Niece, Nessel, and Messrs. Codma, Berg, Sharpnick and Hopper.

Miss Myrtle Murphy gave a picnic supper at her home in Oak Park, Saturday, September 4th. A very sumptuous supper was served. Many new and interesting games were played and prizes were given to the winners. The invited guests were: Misses Catherine Noeking, Rhea and Stella Friedman, Florence Hill, Lucy Gilmer, Florence Baker, Fannie Reininga, Messrs. George Jareo, Charley Whitney, Horace Perry, Ralph Conklin, Ward Small, Lance Nelson, William Armory, Hugh Barker, William Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wirt, Mrs. Baker and Williams.

BALTIMORE.

Services at Grace Episcopal Mission were resumed Sunday, September 6th, after a suspension of two months. The Holy Communion was celebrated by Rev. O. J. Whildin, pastor of the Mission.

During the suspension, the interior of the chapel used by the Deaf has been undergoing extensive improvements. The lower room of the Parish House, used for socials and other meetings, has also received considerable attention from the carpenters, plasterers and painters. When the chapel and the Assembly Hall will be ready for use, the Deaf will find their surroundings much more bright and cheerful than they have been in years. The Rector of the Church, Rev. Dr. Arthur Chilton Powell, will return from his vacation in Canada about the last of September, but a few months later will leave on an extended tour of Palestine and the Far East.

The Committee on Programme is now busy arranging a schedule of lectures, socials, festivals, and literary meetings for the coming year. The Committee consists of Rev. Mr. Whildin, Mr. Wm. McElroy, Mr. George W. Boss, Miss Annie Barry and Mrs. G. M. Leitner. The first meeting was held at the house of Rev. Mr. Whildin, Tuesday night.

Mr. Andrew Leitich has left Baltimore and is how employed at a book-binders in Richmond, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Leitner and children are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Schafer, at Sparrows Point, Md.

The seashore, the mountains, the farm, and the suburban resorts have claimed the attention of a large number of the deaf of Baltimore this summer. There are some who have not yet returned, and there are others just going away. On this account there have been few gatherings of the deaf, excepting picnics and excursions by water. The Picnic of the Deaf at Braddock Heights, near Frederick, Md., the Reunion at the School, the Annual Picnic at Druid Hill Park, and the few church excursions and picnics might be mentioned.

Miss Alberta Wiegand is sojourning at Lutherville, Md., with her parents. Dr. and Mrs. Wiegand with their children spend the summer annually at seaside resorts and end each up with a few weeks at some country place.

Miss Beckie Newman has returned to her home on Madison Avenue, after a month at beautiful Arlington, Md.

The two children of Rev. and Mrs. Whildin have returned from the mountains of Alleghany County, Md. While there they met Misses Peebles, Boll, Reese, Schwankhaus and others.

The Maryland School for the Deaf will re-open September 15th.

The Maryland School for the Colored Deaf and Blind will also re-open on the 15th, with Mr. Forrester, Gallaudet Normal, in charge. Miss Wille Kilgore and Mr. William Cooper, who taught last session, will return. The former is gathering strength for the ordeal on the Tschiffely Farm, near Rockville, Md., and the latter is taking in the breezes on the Maine coast.

It has been announced that Miss Bessie Wolfrum, formerly of this city, was married to a Mr. Johnston, of Lynchburg, Virginia. We await particulars.

Mr. G. W. Boss has secured employment as a polisher on Gay Street, at better wages, shorter hours and amid more sanitary and pleasant surroundings than obtained in his former place on St. Paul Street. His friends are congratulating him on his luck.

CECILUS CALVERT.

The Newest forge does away with the usual bellows, being fitted with a compressed air tank.

ST. LOUIS.

DEAF WOMAN IS KILLED.

A passenger train struck Mrs. Margaret Willis as she picked up coal on the Missouri Pacific tracks west of Tower Grove Station, Tuesday morning, and hurled her to one side of the track, killing her instantly.

Deafness kept Mrs. Willis from hearing the approaching engine, Mrs. Kate Martin, a neighbor, who was gathering coal thirty feet away, shouted to her in vain, then threw a lump of coal at her. The lump struck her, but she did not turn around. A few seconds later the locomotive dashed upon her.

Mrs. Willis was 40 years old, and had been a widow four months. After the death of her husband in Walnut Ridge, Ark., she came to St. Louis and kept house for her mother and two brothers at 467 Race Course Avenue. Her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Cummings, is 81 years old.

Four children, the youngest a daughter aged 17, survive her.

The train did not stop after striking Mrs. Willis, but ran on to Tower Grove Station. It was No. 4, eastbound.

MAKES NO OUTCRY WHEN HIGHWAYMEN STOP HIM.

Two negro highwaymen held up Sam P. Beck yesterday morning, and at the point of a revolver commanded him not to make an outcry.

And Beck didn't. His silence, however, was not due to cowardice, but to the fact that he is a deaf-mute.

The hold-up occurred at Eighteenth and Olive Streets. While one of the negroes kept him covered with the revolver, the other relieved him of \$2. Beck hunted up a policeman, and, with some difficulty, informed him of the affair.

Beck is a press feeder and lives with his family at No. 4719 Virginia Avenue. His wife is also a deaf-mute. Until recently Beck lived at Poplar Bluff, Mo. He is a baseball player.

Misses Mary Kaufman and Clara Fey visited the summer resort at Creve Coeur Lake, Sunday, August 22d.

Local dispatches stated that on account of lack of rain, corn and other crops on farms near Milan, Mo., are suffering badly.

We wonder how our friend Edw. Whitaker and family are faring on their newly-purchased farm near that town?

Miss Cecelia Mahon departed Sunday morning, August 29th, for Alton, Ill., on business. The trip was made up the river on the city of Providence.

Miss Ella Dillon departed August 25th for Kansas City, Mo., where she spends two weeks' vacation, being the guest of friends.

Miss Angeline Molloy returned Saturday night from a fortnight's vacation with friends at Fulton, Mo. She regrets she could not stay one month.

Miss Annie Kruger, who departed on the 25th ult. for Kansas City, Mo., is spending her vacation, stopping with her old chum, Mrs. Emily Stahr.

J. H. Burgher was among the delegates to Kansas City, Mo., who went there alone, just to surprise his wife, who is visiting friends in another part of the State.

Miss Emma Yates, of Monroe City, Mo., arrived here, Wednesday morning. She will remain to teach at the Deaf-Mute Institution on Garrison Avenue, which opens its doors on Wednesday, September 8th.

Roy Sittig returned from his vacation near Baden, Mo., feeling much refreshed and ready for school, which opens Tuesday, September 7th.

Messrs Thos. Joel and James Welker are the latest arrivals in St. Louis. Both are in quest of jobs, and if they succeed in getting any thing, they will stay. The former hails from Nebraska, while the latter is from Marquard, Mo.

Saturday evening, August 21st, a surprise birthday party was given to Miss Lottie Powers, second daughter of Mrs. Steve Powers. A house full of friends gathered at an early hour and departed at a late hour. Ice-cream, coffee and cake, were served to the guests. Miss Lottie received a lot of pretty and useful gifts, all of which she appreciated. Among those present were Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Behr, Mrs. Ohliger, Mrs. Burns and Miss Sullivan. Messrs. Schlo, Hermannes, Schrieber and Komm.

It will be remembered that the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Cain, of Madison, Ill., caught fire last March, 1909, and burned off the whole roof. The rest of the house still stands and all the furniture was saved. Three other houses on the north side were totally burned to the ground. A spark flew from the burning pile and ignited the roof. Mr. Cain insured the house for \$300 in 1903, but as he neglected to continue payments on the policy, he lost the insurance and the family are without a roof.

J. R. Applegate, of Sikeston, Mo., arrived here, Wednesday from a pleasant trip to Colorado. He intended to remain there longer but could not do so. He will stay here a few days are going home.

Aug. Schutts and his two sisters departed Monday for Warrenton, Mo., where they visit relatives. From there they go to Arizona, where they will settle down on a farm with their parents.

The School for the Deaf at Fulton, Mo., will open for the fall term on Wednesday, September 15th. Jennie and Harry Stocksick will be among the large number of children expecting to go there.

Mack Flannigan, of Springfield, Ill., is among the latest arrivals, who landed Thursday. He is expecting a job with a well-known plow firm.

Roscoe Steck, of Benton, Mo., arrived here Monday, and he stayed several days on business, relating to shipping cattle from his father's farm.

Walter Toma, of this city, was among the delegates last week at the convention in Kansas City, Mo. He went there with the intention of getting a better job, but he was badly disappointed, so he returned to dear old St. Louis.

Mrs. Alex Wright returned Saturday, 28th ult., from a six weeks' vacation with relatives, residing near Hannibal, Mo.

Mrs. David Huston, of St. Joseph, Mo., who is stopping with her married daughter in this city, says she does not like the strenuous life that St. Louis people lead, so she is longing to return home. She has been in poor health for a long time, but is slowly convalescing.

G. W. Trapp, who was born and raised on the dark and bloody soil of Kentucky, returned last week from the scenes of boyhood days. His favorite song is "My old Kentucky Home."

Rev. Schubkegel will hold services for the Deaf on Sunday, September 13th, at 3 P.M., at Zion Lutheran Church, cor. 21 and Benton Streets. The public are cordially welcomed.

After being suspended all summer, the Public Opinion meetings will be opened again on Friday evening, September 10th, by Rev. J. H. Cloud, at the Scheyler Memorial House, 1210 Locust Street.

In Memoriam.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, held in St. Matthew's Church, New York City on Monday, August 30th, 1909, the following minute was adopted by a rising vote:—

In view of the lamented death of Mrs. Cornelia M. Nelson, the Board of Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes extend to her bereaved family assurance of profound sympathy with them in their great sorrow.

In addition to this tender of sympathy to those nearest and dearest to her, we hereby place upon record our high estimation of her character, our grateful acknowledgment of the value of her unselfish efforts for the furtherance of the purposes of our Society, and our deep sense of the loss occasioned by her call to go up higher.

At a time when the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was much discouraged and perplexed by unsatisfactory conditions at the Gallaudet Home, Mrs. Nelson called together a band of Christian women and brought them to his aid, and they were organized under the authority of the Board of Trustees, as the Board of Lady Managers of the Gallaudet Home. From that time until her death Mrs. Nelson served with singular and unwearied devotion and conspicuous ability as President of that Board. She, with several others of the Ladies' Board, was associated with the Standing Committee on The Gallaudet Home, appointed annually by

MAINE NOTES.

SACO, ME., SEPT. 1.—Rev. Mr. Wyand, of Boston, held services in Portland, August 22d. His text was Revelation 21:1, after which he read the chapter in signs to a congregation of thirty-seven deaf adults. His sermon was an able one. At the close of his sermon a charming young lady from Boston recited in pleasing and graceful signs a hymn, "Abide With Me."

As far as the writer ascertained from the reports of his services in Auburn and Augusta, his other sermons were well liked. It is hoped that the pastor may stay among New England States and preach effective sermons and administer the holy sacraments. His native State, of Maryland, loses his ministry gained among us.

William Cooper, '08, teacher of the School for the Colored Deaf in Baltimore, has spent some weeks vacation with his parents in Westbrook. He returns there this week. The beauties of the Pine Tree State may tempt him to come up again and spend another summer, at the close of his school term.

Rev. Mr. Wyand was the guest of an alumnus over Saturday, August 21st. He was shown some places of interest, one of which is most interesting—Lafayette's headquarters in a large mansion, which is now the office of a lumber company and its saw mill.

Mrs. George E. Fister left for her old home in Kingman after taking in the convention of the Mission for the Deaf. She expects to spend two months or so with her parents, relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Cross, of Beverly, Mass., have spent a most delightful vacation with the Carlisle family, of Bangor, and other friends. They also attended the convention, immediately after which they returned home by boat to Boston, and thence to their destination.

Miss Mary McLean, who has visited Mr. and Mrs. John F. Dixon, of Portland, and also her old classmate in Massachusetts, was recalled to the Halifax School by school authorities to resume her clerical position in time for the school session's opening. Her charming manners and conversation were well liked in Portland and other places.

Mrs. John Jellison and her baby, Lucy, are visiting under her parental roof, after they and her husband attended the Bangor convention.

Mrs. George C. Sawyer and Mrs. Haynes, of Boston, enjoyed the surroundings of Bangor, and attending the convention. They returned to one of the Belgrade Lakes near Winthrop, Maine, where Mrs. Haynes has a cottage situated near that of ex-Governor William T. Cobb. Mrs. Sawyer has never been up in the Pine State before.

A L. Carlisle is expected to hold his morning services in St. Luke's Cathedral and afternoon ones in the Baptist Church in Portland, on September 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brochu are expecting a visit from her parents of the celebrated potato region in Aroostock County.

Patrick Thibodeau, ex-'11, took in the Bangor Convention. He is planning to locate in a new field of work in the far west during any of these Falls months.

Last week, the York Manufacturing Company of Saco, Me., was compelled to close its big plant, owing to the fact that Greeks and French weavers alone went on a strike for more wages, from \$9 to \$12 a week. Its agent ordered the close of the mill. Consequently four deaf employees were thrown out of work. They are idling their time away in wait to resume their jobs after demands are adjusted or granted. The mill employs about 2,500 hands.

August 22d, Henry Morrill, of Limestone, had an opportunity of a Sunday excursion to Old Orchard, a distance of nearly three hundred miles.

"A NEW RESIDENT."

CHURCH NOTICES.

DIOCESAN OF HARRISBURG, BETHLEHEM AND WESTERN NEW YORK.

REV. FRANKLIN C. SMELLAG, Missionary, Box 342, Montoursville, Pa.

SEPTEMBER.

- 10—Lebanon, St. Luke's Chapel, 8 P.M.
- 11—Bangor, 8 P.M.
- 12—Easton, Trinity Chapel, 11 A.M.
- 13—Allentown, Grace Church, 7 P.M.
- 14—Reading, Christ Chapel, 7 P.M.
- 15—Alderson, Baptism and Services, 7:30 P.M.
- 16—Scranton, St. Luke's Church, Baptism and Services, 3 P.M.
- 17—Wilkes Barre, St. Stephen's Chapel, 7:30 P.M.
- 18—Williamsport, Christ's Chapel, 8 P.M.
- 19—Montgomery, 8 P.M.
- 20—Geneva, St. Peter's Chapel, 8 P.M.
- 21—Rochester, St. Luke's Chapel, Holy Communion, 11 A.M.
- 22—Buffalo, Trinity Chapel, 7:30 P.M.
- 23—Niagara Falls, Epiphany Chapel, 8 P.M.
- 24—Olean, St. Stephen's Chapel, 8 P.M.
- 25—Millsburg, 8 P.M., Combined Service with Rev. William Dorwart, of Newport.
- 26—Lewistown, 8 P.M.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.
Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.
Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2906 Virginia
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The pomp and pageantry in the making preparations for the Hudson-Fulton will be the most skillful and elaborate and of broad scope. This is the age of big men and big things. A million dollars will be lavished upon the celebration lasting from September 25th to October 9th, with patriotic, pictorial, educational and true embracing features.

Two curious features shall appear on the Hudson River, the new "Half Moon" and new "Clermont," the last named of which Miss Alice Cray Sutcliffe. A great-granddaughter of Robert Fulton being a sponsor, christened her with the water that came from the same well at which Robert Fulton drank, which is still in use at the Livingston Place at Clermont, near Tivoli on the Hudson, when the boat glided into the bay. Miss Miller, daughter of Captain Isaac W. Miller rang the old bell of Robert Fulton's vessel, which is the property of the Albany Day-Line and was loaned from the new steamer Robert Fulton. At the same time six carrier pigeons were released and flew to their destinations, Peekskill and Athens, bearing a message. The following extract from Robert Fulton's essay to the Friends of mankind: "Industry will give abundance to virtuous world and Mankind to one abundant feast of harmony and friendship. The Liberty of the seas will be the happiness of the earth."

The progress about street decorations and fireworks display here is running very smoothly under the direction of a Brooklyn man and a New Jersey man, and is expected to eclipse any records made on the earth since the creation. Come one, come all, have a good time here. We will look after every body from the outside in good humor.

Most of our churches have agreed to keep their edifices open for the visitors as a resting place and lodgings. All the hotels are engaged and accommodations for over two thousand persons largely in private houses. These are all kinds of prices and locations, ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per night. For instance, there was a room of which the proprietor wanted \$50.00 for the use for three days, in another case \$20.00 was wanted for a room. These were exceptional, however.

The city has a beautiful location, having some parks, one of them is its crowning glory, because it commands a superb view of the most picturesque Hudson River. It is hard to beat in its scenery.

Mrs. Edward Talbot McCarty and her boy-baby returned to her home in New York City, after a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Dobbs, 243 Third Street.

On Wednesday a few weeks ago, Miss Mary A. Riley took a sail on the steamer, "Mary Powell," with her youngest grand nephew, accompanied by Miss Agnes Russell and a little girl, Martha, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Lindeman, of Cold Spring, to New York, but did not get out because of the stormy weather. But the steamer was well patronized, considering the state of the weather. When they returned home, half drowned by the flood gates open here, they didn't mind it, and slept as of yore from the tiresome journey.

A deaf-mute grand aunt's face bore a smiling look for several days, because she has a grand nephew, who is too smart for his age. One night, foretelling his parents' talk about their wedding day, he asked them where he was on the happy day. Of course, they were puzzled at the hard question, and finally told him that he was in heaven at the time. He resented sharply that he didn't remember it. They couldn't refrain from laughing and keeping their eyes dry.

Some of her friends will be sorry to hear that Miss Lizzie Ogle is and has been very sick since her folks moved out of this city. The strain became too great and she showed signs of a nervous break down. Now she is under the hands of a skillful nurse, who is hopeful of her restoration to her former health. Mr. William Ogle is a great hustler, selling vegetables and fruit to the grocery people and friends. We are glad that he is capable of keeping his home comfortable.

I was sorry to chronicle a mishap that befell William Ogle, a few days ago. Driving along the trolley track. The car knocked his wagon to splinters. I don't know who of them is to blame for the accident.

A son of deaf-mute parents of Cold Spring, was arrested for playing hooky and sentenced for a year or more in a truancy school in Rochester, N. Y.

Solomon Winne, after a long absence, appeared here and looked fine. He says he has a fine property in Boston near the ocean. His folks are summering at Catskill now.

NEWBURGH BOY.

Norway produces annually some 600,000 tons of ice. London buys one-third of this.

Coney Island, near New York City, is sometimes visited by 500,000 people in a day.

A PLEASANT AUTO TRIP.

A week ago, on Saturday, 24th, Mr. Roberts and myself started from East Orange with Mr. Roberts' nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newcomb Blackman, in his thirty horse-power automobile, bound for New Hurley, N. Y. We left his house at 9 o'clock, A.M., and first place of interest we passed was the Montclair Normal School, with its numerous buildings, at foot of Orange Mountains. Next place was the domicile of our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. McClelland in Mountain View. A number of "Honk Honk Honk" failed to bring anybody in view, so we sped on through Pompton Plains, past Pompton Lake to Suffern.

We passed many beautiful estates of wealthy people, and I noted with much satisfaction, that almost without exception, the humblest cottage had its flower patch, which goes to show all classes, are cultivating a taste for the beautiful. After Suffern came Ramapo. Now, we were stuck in a valley with high mountains on each side; seeming as if there was no outlet ahead. We came to Arden, the country seat of E. H. Harriman, and saw his marble palace high on the mountain side. Also through Tuxedo where many millionaires have a residence, but all are situated in private parks and we only caught a glimpse now and then.

When we got to Cornwall, we got our first sight of the Hudson River. The roads were in fine condition all the way, and after the shower Friday there was no dust, so it was a pleasure riding. When we got to Newburgh, on to Orange Lake, the roads were not so good, which delayed us somewhat. We did not travel at an higher speed than twenty miles an hour at any time, from Orange Lake to St. Elmo, Borden Mills, and then to Plain Road (so called for its long straight stretch) on which our friends (Mr. and Mrs. D. Fowler) have a farm. We arrived there a little after one o'clock, indicator registering seventy-five miles. After having a dinner; such as only a farmer can give, with an abundance of everything good, we started for Wallkill and Galesville, in which two places we once lived for about eight years. We spent all afternoon riding round calling on old acquaintances and neighbors, and arrived back at the farm about seven o'clock, not very tired after all.

Sunday morning all rested, and I walked half a mile further on Plain Road, and called at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. James Thorne (nee Amanda Schoonmaker) both graduates of Fairwood. They have four interesting hearing children. The oldest boy, ten years, was so adept in the sign language, I thought he must be deaf, but he declared he was not. The new aqueduct runs through the part of New Hurley we were stopping in, and is doing much damage to the farms situated in its course. Our friends will suffer, though not as bad as Mr. Thorne. James, Jr., acts as his father's interpreter, and is right handy at this time, for there are so many thriving Italians at work on the tunnel, which will be some 15 feet high, and the roads are to be raised some 8 and 10 feet. Some farmers have already abandoned and sold their places.

Sunday afternoon, we again went riding and calling in Galesville, Wallkill and Dwarville.

We had intended Monday to go to Lake Mohonk. The beautiful hotel and lake on the summit of Shawquon Mountains is a sight worth seeing indeed, but we were told no autos were allowed up, as it is a five-mile up-hill drive, and too many teams going and coming make it dangerous for autos to go up. We had all been there except Mrs. Blackman, and were disappointed that she could not see it. It is a temperance hotel, kept by a Mr. Smiley, and is a very fine place, and he invites important conferences to be held there every year.

I saw E. M. Gallaudet's name among those at a conference there some time ago. Not being able to carry out our plan of going to Lake Mohonk, we started for home at ten o'clock, stopping at Walden, Orange Lake, Newburgh, where we crossed the ferry to Fishkill and came home on east side of the Hudson, saw many fine parks with residences at a distance and many fine places, Yonkers, Irvington, Tarrytown, Dobbs Ferry, Woodlawn, and soon to ferry at 23d Street to Penna. Road, N. J., and then to East Orange, arriving at Mr. Blackman's at nine o'clock P.M., pretty tired, having travelled two hundred and twenty-five miles as indicated on register and having had a thoroughly good time.

MRS. FRANK ROBERTS.
Deafened by Electric Bolt.

EASTON, PA., August 20th.—During a severe thunder storm here this afternoon Lewis Breyfogel, of Walnutport, an employee of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, was struck by lightning while working on the Central Railroad bridge crossing the Lehigh River. He was rendered unconscious and was removed to the Easton Hospital. After several hours he regained consciousness, but he had lost his hearing.—Easton Record, August 21st.

HOLLYWOOD FRATERNITY

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Wednesday, November 24, 1909

(THANKSGIVING EVE)

[PARTICULARS LATER.]

GRAND BALL

BY THE

Borough Park Society

[OF DEAF-MUTES]

On Saturday, November 27, 1909

Particulars Later

CHARITY BALL

under the auspices of the

BROOKLYN GUILD

OF DEAF-MUTES

—AT—

AVON HALL,

Bedford Avenue near Fulton Street, Brooklyn

SATURDAY EVENING,

NOVEMBER 20, 1909

[Particulars later]

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FOR

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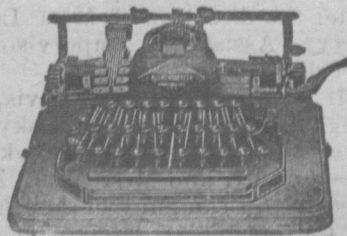
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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